

LONG ISLAND FORUM



Homestead of William H. H. Moore.
Before 1900.

Sketched by Reginald M. Webb. See page 7.

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Visitors Welcome

The General Museum-Library of the Suffolk County Historical Society, at Riverhead, is open daily (except Sundays and Holidays) from one to five P.M.

Visitors always welcome (no charge) at this educational institution where items connected with Long Island's history, culture and natural sciences are on display.

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Readers' Forum

Ever Since

Quite a few years ago my good friend Paul Bailey came into my office and said "Hello Charlie. I have a little publication and would like you as a subscriber" (this was in 1938).

I said, "Paul, I have more to read now than I have time." Paul said. "Look it over. If you don't like it throw it into the wastebasket."

That same night I read it through and my first check was mailed the next day for my first subscription and ever since. Enjoyed Paul's last article in the November issue about noted people.

CHARLES E. LANGENEGER
Port Jefferson

Hail To Hale

I liked my good friend Colonel Hale's account of "Oyster Bay's Summer Capitol" during T.R.'s Presidency. I know that he knows that building stood and still stands in the northeast rather than the southwest corner of Main and South. We all make such silly slips in trying to meet the deadline. But it sure was a fine story.

H. C. J.
Brooklyn

(Editor's Note. The good Colonel caught the error himself but far too late for the deadline.)

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We Hope So Miss Steel

I read this copy (of the Forum) at my sister's home and realized how helpful it would be in teaching my class the history of the Dutch on Long Island. As a Brooklyn born teacher I am sure every copy would be interesting and helpful to me.

AGNES M. STEEL
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THE LONG ISLAND FORUM

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SINCE THIS ISSUE MARKS

the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of the publication of the **FORUM** and the end of the first full year of our aegis it seems appropriate to make a report to our stockholders, our readers. Many of you have paid a subscription price and we hope that you have felt this a worthwhile investment. We have lost some subscribers through circumstances beyond anyones' control, some who just aren't interested and some who simply cannot afford to continue even though they would like to do so.

TO OLDTIME

subscribers who have stood by the **FORUM** for many years it is a pleasure to report that you have been joined by many younger folks who have come here to live and who are interested in the heritage of this land and its people. You have been joined by newer libraries; public, private and schools and colleges reflecting everywhere a Renaissance of interest in things historical. You have been joined by teachers who find the **FORUM** a medium for the teaching of the history of Long Island.

IT HAS BEEN

interesting to note the tremendous resurgence of activity during the past in historical societies; the re-organization and revitalization of some, and the formation of new ones. It is a source of great satisfaction to read, when one has time, the wealth of historical articles appearing in the weekly and daily press of Long Island and New York City,

in magazines of regional and national — even world-wide circulation which find space to tell of the background of this area.

TO FLORENCE AND PAUL

Bailey, without whose friendly guidance we could hardly carry out; to Chester G. Osborne, our new Associate Editor; to Jeannette E. Rattray of East Hampton; to our Contributing Editors; Roy E. Lott, John C. Hudon, Julian Denton Smith and Douglas Tuomey, we wish an especially Happy New Year. We reserve another to our advertisers who believe in the **FORUM**, to our Advertising Manager, Bill Burgess, who has been handing out cigars — no, no, not payola — but merely to express his joy at the arrival of a new young man in the family — and finally one to our Favorite Circulation Manageress.

SO FOR THOSE

who are interested in the past for its own sake or for a guide for the future or just for the fun of it — and why not? — it has been a good year. Just to risk the wrath of the perpetual glooms we hear from occasionally, we wish you all a very

Very

Happy

New

Year!



Shelter Island Document of 1776

Chester G. Osborne

ONE MORE document of Revolutionary War days has turned up among the papers of Judge William Smith (1720-1799). The document is valuable because it sheds a little more light on the war days, and because there are few papers like it still in existence.

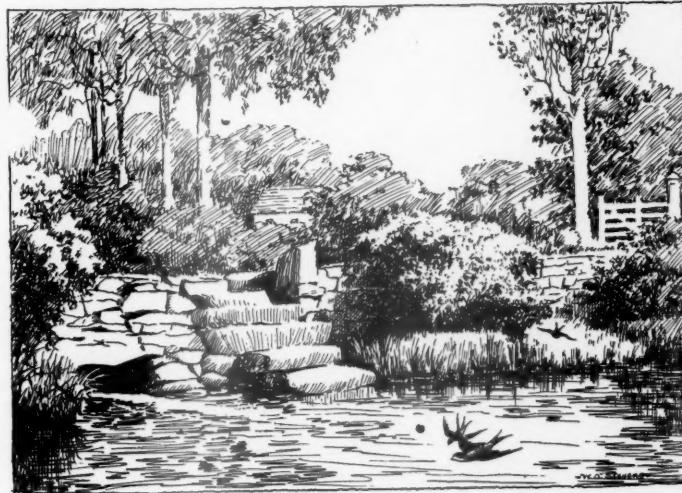
Some of the phrases may need elucidation: a "Meeting House" was a church; taking the "number of people" was a census; "Chairman of ye County" at that time may well have been Judge Smith himself, which would account for the document being among his papers at his Manor of St. George.

The "Candidates" were to represent Shelter Island at a County meeting, possibly in Riverhead; at that meeting, men were to be chosen as delegates to the New York State Provincial Congress.

Related records show that the first state congress was held in New York City in three sessions in 1775; James Havens was among those present. The second congress ended in New York on March 16, 1776, and Daniel Brown was a delegate. The third met May 18 to June 30, 1776, and "Its session was shortened by the threatened advance of the enemy." Among the Suffolk delegates were Daniel Brown, Thomas Dering, and Judge William Smith. Dering and Smith also attended the Fourth Provincial Congress, which skipped around from White Plains to Harlem to Fishkill to Kingston, from July '76 to May '77; and it may be this Congress which the document relates to:

"At a meeting of the Township of Shelter Island at the Meeting House, the 18th of June 1776—

Voted that Samll. Case do take the numbers of People Voted that He carry ye same to ye Chairman of ye County



The Stone Steps at Sylvester Manor. From a drawing by William Oliver Stevens.

Voted, Thoms. Dering, Danll. Brown, Nicoll Havens & James Havens, be Candidates for the Island at an ensuing Election— Voted that Capn. Samll. Case carry to the County Hall the names of the above Candidates—

The above is a true copy of the votes of the Town of Shelter Island — Thomas Dering Chairman of Ye Town Committee"

Thomas Dering: his signature and portrait are in Mather's "Refugees," with a biographical sketch. He was born in Boston in 1720; in 1756 he married Mary Sylvester; a vigorous patriot, he was active in Committees of Safety; he audited claims of refugees; he was a delegate from Suffolk County to the New York Provincial Congresses, and a member of the Conventions which passed on the Declaration of Independence and formed the State constitution. *Daniel Brown:* his signature is also in Mather, on a reproduction of the "Association" of May 1775.

Nicoll Havens: his name is conspicuous by its absence from the May 1775 "Association," though he could have

signed at another time or place. Dexter's "Yale Biographies" says that he was the son of Jonathan and Catherine Havens of Shelter Island; his mother was a sister of William and Benjamin Nicoll of Islip and a half sister of William Samuel and William Johnson. He was born 10 February 1733, died at Shelter Island 7 September 1783. He married Sarah Fosdick, probably of New London, Conn., by whom he had children Jonathan (Yale 1777) and two daughters, the younger of whom married as his second wife the Hon. Ezra L'Hommedieu. Nicoll next married, in 1770, Desire Brown. The name "Fosdick" brings to mind Capt. Nicoll Fosdick, b. 18 April 1750.

Captain Fosdick was a cousin of Mrs. Sylvester Dering and Mrs. Ezra L'Hommedieu; he served in the Army and on a privateer; his brother Thomas was an Ensign in the company of Captain Nathan Hale.

As for Nicoll Havens again, the usually reliable Dexter says that "During the Revolution his sympathies

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Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 4)

aboard as the barometer was falling, the first I knew of it.

At twelve o'clock that day the thermometer stood at over seventy degrees, at one o'clock a thin haze began to cover the sun, and the temperature began to fall, but there was no wind. At three o'clock the sun was just a silver ball in the sky and on each side of the sun were two of the biggest Sun Dogs I ever saw, yellowish red in color.

Then I knew we were in for serious trouble.

I had fifteen half-grown chickens that roosted in the trees during the summer which I tried to get into the coop but had no luck. By six o'clock it was spitting snow and blowing a capful of wind out of the east. Things were brewing.

About four o'clock that morning, as she told me later, my aunt heard someone pounding on the door downstairs and she woke up her husband to tell him.

Guess my uncle was pretty sleepy for he was a bit sharp. "Go to sleep," he said. "No fool would be out on a night like this!"

Then they both heard the pounding and uncle rushed downstairs and opened the door and the wind roared in and with it two men staggered more dead than alive.

My uncle grabbed the rum toddy and while it was heating up he made them a hot mustard foot-bath and found dry clothes for them. Finally, after they had drunk the hot tea laced with rum they bedded down and slept the clock around.

Yes, you guessed it—they were George Whitman and his helper. How those two ever made the journey troubled me until they told me the next day. But even before they told me I knew that George thought nothing of walking from Port Jefferson to Riverhead, a distance of twenty-five miles, that the helper had youth and I somehow knew too that God was with them.

It appeared that George had gone back to the schooner and he and his helper decided to let

more cable, drop another anchor, and rig a bridle so the "Observer" would ride easier, since the tide was high. This was about seven o'clock.

At eleven it was snowing hard, and blowing a full gale North by Northeast and the schooner was dragging. They had decided wisely to pull oars and make for the beach, but when, in a few minutes, they got where they thought it should be—it wasn't! They were in the right spot all right, but the tide was a foot high over the banks!

They had to feel their way, since there were no lights.

From where they got onto the beach to my aunt's house was about 3 miles. It took them three hours to cover that distance. You can imagine what they went through and when we looked at the harbor next day we saw that the storm had sunk or blown ashore every boat in the harbor including the schooner yacht, "Alsacienne." I figure that there must have been seven feet of water above high water that night, and only George Whitman and a boy lived to tell what happened aboard the "Observer."

Incidentally, the harbor was full of turnips.

JOHN W. BAKER
Huntington

(Editor's note. Thank you for a grand story, Mr. Baker. We wonder if other readers recall what happened in November 26, 1898 in Port Jefferson Harbor?)

1844 Railroad Schedules

Here are a few old ads. that may be of interest to your readers. The first from the Sag Har-

bor Corrector, 1847. No trains ran on Sundays, except one.

"Long Island Rail Road Company Summer Arrangement 1847.

On and after May 1st. trains will run as follows, except on Sundays.

Leave Brooklyn at 9½ A.M. for Farmingdale.

Leave Brooklyn at 1½ P.M. for Greenport.

Leave Brooklyn at 4 P.M. for Farmingdale.

Leave Greenport at 8½ A.M. for Brooklyn.

Leave Farmingdale at 7 A.M. for Brooklyn.

Leave Farmingdale at 3½ P.M. for Brooklyn.

On Saturdays a train will leave Brooklyn for Yaphank at 4 P.M. Leaving Yaphank on Mondays for Brooklyn at 5½ A.M.

On Sundays leave Brooklyn for Farmingdale at 10 A.M.

Leave Farmingdale at 4 P.M. for Brooklyn.

Freight Trains; Leave Brooklyn at 10 A.M. for Greenport.

Leave Greenport at 12 M for Brooklyn.

Baggage crates will be in readiness at the foot of Whitehall

(Continued on page 10)

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"If Only"

Reginald M. Webb

DID YOU ever pick up a book which had been published a century ago or more and turning each page with increasing interest, suddenly realize that the incident about which you were reading concerned your own family? You had often heard hand - me - down stories about your predecessors from your grandparents or some other relative, and perhaps find yourself saying "If only I could somehow find more detailed information about these particular people, if only I could turn back the pages of time to reveal some of the answers to my unanswered questions!"

Rarely, but sometimes this does actually happen — how pleased we are when it does. Having had such an experience, I should like to pass it on to others who have similar interests.

For the past thirty years I have pursued many interests, one of which is in old documents bearing signatures

of those who are in my family tree; another, to collect books on Long Island history and genealogical data mainly touching on old Long Island families. The book which contributed most to urge me on was the "Griffin's Journal" by Augustus Griffin, published in 1857. On page 15 therein are the names of the thirteen men who first landed at Southold in 1640, and since acquiring this interesting volume I have been able to trace direct relationships to eight of them, namely: the Rev. John Youngs, Barnabas Horton, William Wells, Peter Hallock, John Tuthill, Richard Terry, Matthias Corwin and John Budd.

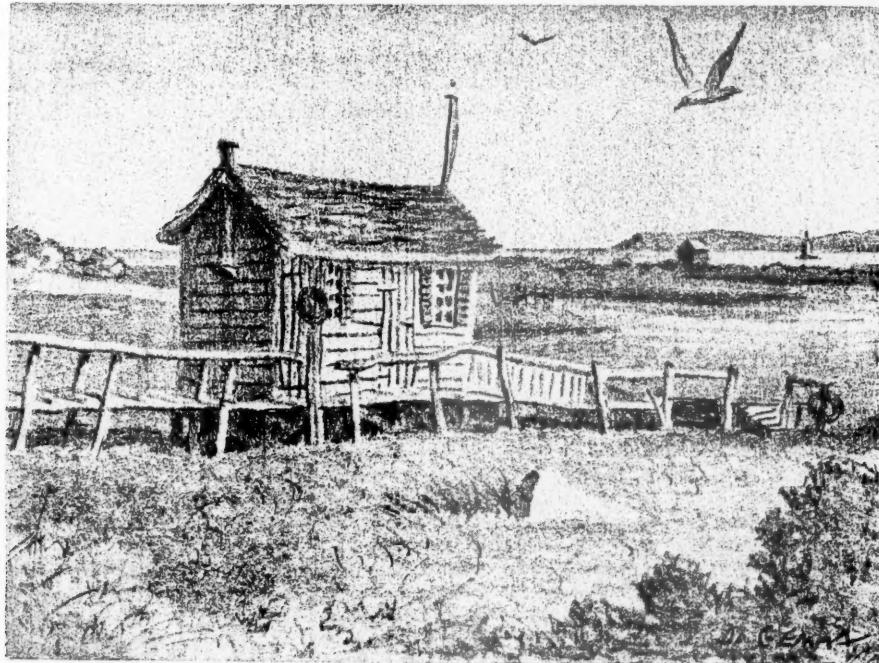
For the purpose of this article I refer to page 51 of the Journal which states as follows: "Here I present a copy of the identical advertisement notifying the sale of the south part of the farm

of the late Captain David Webb, on which Greenport is built."

AUCTION

"Will positively be sold, at auction, on Thursday, 23d March, instant, at nine o'clock A.M. on the premises, the valuable messuage, farm and outlands of Capt. David Webb (deceased). The said farm is divided into lots and accurately surveyed for the better convenience of purchasers. Whoever is desirous of speculation it is presumed would do well to attend said sale." Elizabeth Webb, Executrix, Samuel Terry and Jeremiah Moore, Executors. Augustus Griffin, Auctioneer. Dated Sterling, 3d March, 1828.

I then investigated the estate file of Capt. David Webb at the Surrogate's Court of Suffolk County at Riverhead, and found that in his Will he had stipulated that all of his property be sold and the money derived from said sale be turned over to



Young's Landing at Orient. Sketched by Joseph di Gemma

his estate. Capt. David Webb died at Sterling, June 1, 1818, age 67, leaving a widow Elizabeth Booth Webb, and two sons, David and William B. Webb of whom little is known. Capt. David Webb was the son of Orange Webb, as was Capt. Thomas Webb. Capt. Thomas Webb had a son Silas Webb, who had a son William Webb, who had a son William Jr., who had a son David W. Webb, the father of the writer.

One day while checking the Moore Genealogy I was reminded that Mrs. E. H. Herrick residing at the old Moore homestead on the old Kings Highway, northwest of the village of Greenport, was a daughter of William H. H. Moore, who was a son of Col. Jeremiah Moore, one of the executors of Capt. David Webb's estate. Could it possibly be that any papers of this estate might have been stored away in the old Moore home?

I got in touch with Mrs. Herrick as soon as possible. She told me that she remembered that her father had often mentioned that his father, Col. Jeremiah Moore, had been executor of three large Webb estates, namely that of Capt. David Webb and Capt. Thomas Webb, brothers, and also of their father Orange Webb who died Aug. 18, 1805 in his 75th year. Mrs. Herrick went on to say that Capt. Thomas Webb was first married on Feb. 8, 1775 to Lydia Horton, who died soon after. Capt. Thomas Webb then was married on Oct. 25, 1782 to Martha Moore, sister to Col. Jeremiah Moore, hence the probable reason for Col. Moore's handling of three Webb estates. Mrs. Herrick thought it possible that there might still be some papers around somewhere and said she would look for them.

A week went by, two weeks, three weeks — during the fourth week, Mrs. Herrick thoughtfully sent a bundle of old papers to my father's store. The messenger said that Mrs. Herrick hoped Mr. Webb

would find them of interest and that I could have them. My thoughts for the remainder of that day were not in any way of much help to the business of the moment, but finally evening came and with it the chance to look over the documents.

The papers consisted of old deeds (unrecorded), letters exchanged between the two families and others, and a quaint old note book 7 by 8 inches listing all the items sold at the auction, prices paid and the signature of the purchaser.

There it was! Just what I had hoped some day to find! The cover was missing but all the pages were there and the writing therein very clear and legible.

Also among the papers I noticed mention of a Day Book of Elizabeth Webb which was not with the bundle. Could it be that Mrs. Herrick had withheld it and other papers too? I wondered about it and thought it best not to ask Mrs. Herrick at that time. The summer passed by, but during the winter months while cataloguing

my treasures acquired from Mrs. Herrick, I decided I would write and thank her for her kind assistance and contribution to my collection and stating that the papers had made reference to a Day Book of Elizabeth Webb which might contain interesting information. Could it be that it might be with some other papers, somewhere? Within a few days I received a reply.

She had not heard of it but suggested that I come to her home, the next summer, out at Greenport and discuss it with her at that time.

If only? Well, no — I shouldn't let my hopes go soaring; I had already had such good fortune. I should just have to wait and see.

Summer did finally arrive,

(Continued on page 20)

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Teen-Age Diary of '86 - Part III

Julia Hand

In this installment, Julia Hand mentions the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty. She visits a museum in Brooklyn owned by Uffner and Robbins—the latter was Jason Robbins, who in other seasons was associated with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Jason married Mary Petty, the "Mame" often referred to here. The late Mrs. Daniel Brown of Center Moriches, friendly with Mame and with Irma Cody, recalled Irma driving through Brooklyn in a fancy coach drawn by two white mules.

The years go by, and for a time Julia neglects her diary. In a summary she tells of several tragedies; the famed blizzard of '88 is not mentioned, perhaps because of the greater impact of more immediate concerns. Julia works at "Butterick's," tells of a colorful voyage in the "Providence" on the Long Island Sound route to Boston, and continues to write some of her diary in Short-hand, noted here in italics. Chester G. Osborne, Associate Editor.

Tuesday, Sept. 14"

Mama and I went to look at a house on S. Elliott PL. today. Mama receive a letter from Mr. Denison.

Wednesday, Sept. 15"

Today I took my sixth lesson. Haven't decided about the house yet.

Thursday, Sept. 16"

Have been at home all day. Wrote a letter to Jennie and received one from Minnie.

Friday, Sept. 17"

Mama & I have been house hunting all day, called on Aunty Clark.

Saturday, Sept. 18"

Very busy all day. Mama received letters from Uncle Charlie & Aunt Fan. Gid has a good position. N. spent the evening at Paul's.

Sunday, Sept. 19"

Nell and I went to Sunday school this afternoon. Paul has a dreadful cold. George Clark came up tonight, got here at 8 o'clock and went home at exactly ten minutes to eleven.



"Julia Hand and Harry Van Antwerp," 1894

Monday, Sept. 20"

Went over to see Mr. Caswell this morning, but he was out of town. Howard has left us for good.

Tuesday, Sept. 21"

Went to N. Y. this morning then came back and went to school.

Wednesday, Sept. 22"

Have been sick all day. Aunt Sou called in the afternoon. Haven't heard from Bert yet.

Saturday, Sept. 25"

Received letters from Jennie and Bert. Nell and I went to the Clara Morris play.

"Camille" and it was grand. *Sunday, Sept. 26"*

Uncle Wess and Howard came this afternoon and Mrs. Jones came and staid to tea. *Wrote to Jen.*

Monday, Sept. 27"

Went over to Butterick's to see Mr. O'Soughlin this afternoon and came home with Nellie.

Tuesday, Sept. 28"

Have been sewing all day. *Wednesday, Sept. 29*

Mama & I have been house hunting all the afternoon.

(Continued on page 14)

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Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 6)

Street to receive baggage for the several trains 30 minutes before the hour of starting of trains from the Brooklyn side.

The steamer 'Statesman' Capt. Nash, leaves Greenport for Sag Harbor on the arrival of the Accommodation train from Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, April 24, 1847.

David S. Ives, Supt."

From the Sag Harbor Corrector for 1866.

"Hartford, New London, Greenport and Sag Harbor.

The new and favorite steamer Capt. G. W. Bates,

Will commence her regular trips on the above route, leaving Hartford on Tuesday April 3rd, and running until further notice as follows:

Leave Hartford from foot of State Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8:30 A.M. New London at 3:15 P.M. or on arrival of the 11:30 A.M. train from Boston and Providence, arriving at Greenport at 5:30 P.M. and Sag Harbor at 6:30 P.M.

Returning leave Sag Harbor Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A.M., Greenport at 7:50 A.M. and arriving at Hartford at 6 P.M. in time for trains north and west.

Thos. Gross, Jr. Sec.
Goodspeeds Landing
March 25th 1866."

The opening of the railroad to Greenport in 1844 brought great changes in the lives of the people living on Long Island, as a trip that had taken two or three days by stage coach now took only about three hours. The following quotation from Prime's History of Long Island in 1845 records something of the effect the opening of the railroad had upon the people of the communities through which it passed.

"It is impossible to divine the amazing changes which this improvement will have upon both the intellectual and secular interests of the eastern part of the Island. The inhabitants have

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scarcely yet recovered from the consternation produced by the actual opening of the railroad. Though during its construction its future facilities were often foretold, multitudes regarded them as the representations of interested individuals who wished to obtain passage through their stunted pines for a mere song. But, until they beheld with their own eyes, the cumbrous train of cars drawn by the iron horse, spouting forth smoke and steam, passing like a streak of lightning through their forests and field, with such velocity they could not tell whether the countenances of the passengers were human, celestial or infernal, they would not believe that a railroad had the power almost to annihilate both time and space."

THOS. R. BAYLES

(Editor's Note. One of our favorite passages Mr. Bayles. Remember when the R.R. decided to give up the Sag Harbor run. Not too long ago was it? Didn't we read somewhere recently that the LIRR is applying for a bus route down the North Fork? O Tempera. O Mores.)

Kind Words Department

Thanks very much for suggestions and kind comments from Mary Ann Wetszel of Yaphank, Marian B. Curts of Bridgehampton, George A. Micklin of Port Washington, David Manley of Greenlawn, and Havens B. Overton at the Suffolk County Home in Yaphank.—The Editor.

To Paul Bailey

On my vacation this year I found several headstones in a United Church of Canada cemetery at Cassburn, Ontario, Canada. Because of the names and places involved I thought that you, as Suffolk County Historian, would be interested in the following facts.

The center is an Obelisk about 10 feet high. On the face of the stone there is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of NATHANIEL HAZARD TREADWELL ESQ.

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land, N. Y. Feb. 15, 1768.

Died at L' Original C.W. Dec. 22, 1855 in the 88 year of his age.

He was the first settler above the Long Sault on the Ottawa."

On the left side of the stone appears:

CHARLES PLATT TREADWELL Sheriff of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell. DIED Nov. 15, 1873.

Age 71 years."

On the right side of the stone appears the following:

"Mr. Treadwell was a gentleman of great energy of character, a friend to the poor and an honest man. He lived to witness the inauguration of a new era of political development and the ultimate triumph of principles for which he had laboured and suffered."

Vesliglia Nulla Retrorsum

There are six other stones in the group which are as follows:

No. 1. Mary McMillan

Daughter of Thomas Kaine and Margaret A. Treadwell

Died April 3, 1887

Age 20 yrs.

No. 2. Mary Susan Treadwell

Born August 31, 1885

Died Nov. 12, 1908

No. 3. Helen McDonnell wife of Charles Platt Treadwell

Died July 30, 1881

Age 78 yrs.

No. 4. (double stone)

Little Carrie

Died Jan. 31, 1838

age 5 month 12 days

Little Hattie

died Aug. 30, 1842

age 7 months 29 days

Children of:

Charles P. and Helen Treadwell

No. 5. Center Stone

(Nathanial Hazard Treadwell)

No. 6. Margaret Platt

Beloved wife of Nat. H. Treadwell and Daughter of Judge Charles Platt

Born in Dutchess County, N.Y. on May 15, 1774

Died at L'Original April 8, 1859

No. 7. (double stone)

Caroline Ann Treadwell

Daughter of Nat. H. Treadwell

Born at St. Andrews Nov. 5, 1796

Died at L' Original April 11, 1860

Henry Onderdonk Treadwell

Died at L' Original May 27, 1874

Age 79 yrs.

JANE GORDON
West Islip

ashore beside him. It measured 15 feet in length and was 2ft. 6 in. circumference.

P.S. D. Sheldon Hubbard was father of Rastus that had a dairy farm and also the ice business at Bay Shore L. I. on 1st. Ave. He was also brother of Seth R. Hubbard also of Bay Shore. Seth R. Hubbard was keeper of Fire Island light after the civil war.

These gentlemen were released to me, and I knew them both. Seth R. Hubbard was my grandfather and D. Sheldon was my great uncle.

I also knew Capt. Henry (Hank) Haff and Erious Rhodes and

(Continued on back page)



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We Have Catbirds

Julian Denton Smith

NEAR THE end of the 1960 spring bird migration I had the pleasure of spending a weekend at Fire Island Pines. Birds sang and called each day, all day. Some started with the earliest hint of dawn and others held forth after darkness had returned. Birds everywhere!

Robins seemed to have the greatest endurance. They were awake and singing when daylight began to crowd the night and many were still singing when night took over again. I, for one, do not know why their very extended hours of wakefulness, but somewhere there must be a good reason.

One evening, while the womenfolks were clearing away supper, I heard a whip-poor-will calling. The sun was far from down and the evening bird song had not begun to hush. No whip-poor-will would think of joining that delightful chorus, besides, it was too early for any self-respecting whip-poor-will to be awake. Yet there came his call over and over with scarcely a breath between.

The call seemed near at hand yet with a certain feeling of distance. I sneaked around bushes and thickets and peered through my field glasses. The call sounded just a wee bit too perfect, a little too cultured, too musical. I began to catch a slight trill on the "will—the last syllable of the name. No whip-poor-will embellishes his talk with a trill. But this trill was as unmistakable as a Scotch burr. Whip-poor-wills are likely to answer one another, but I heard only the one.

Suddenly I found him. He stood at eye level and atop a cone cluster on a dead pine branch. His throat pulsed with his call. His eyes appeared to move as though hopefully searching out an admirer. Very definitely his



stance was a pose and he was enjoying himself no end. The trill I had noticed was being done on purpose and he apparently thought it an improvement on the original. He was a catbird, of course.

Catbirds are remarkable mimics, second only to mockingbirds and brown thrashers. Any one of the three is able to trip up an unwary and unsuspecting birdwatcher.

Catbird mimickings are the least refined of the trio—mockingbird, brown thrasher and catbird. He has some harsh tones that the other two do not use such as cat yowls, hen squawks and frog croaks. He can make the flute tones of the thrush, he has violin qualities, and sometimes I catch clarinet timbre. He has beautifully melodious phrases and flourishes and, I believe, pleasures himself with his own vocalizings and concerts.

Once in a while when you hear a robin, song sparrow, wood thrush or oriole, the song may not come from the bird you associate with the melody. A catbird may be in on the act. More than likely, if you listen long enough and

carefully enough, you will hear a cat yowl. It is the dead give-away—the theme song of the catbird, so to speak.

There is some characteristic, some tension, some warning in the call that humans do not notice but which other catbirds instantly recognize. This quality brings all the catbirds in the neighborhood when something gets too close to a catbird nest. Blue jays have a similar alarm system but again I do not know whether our ears can pick up the signal or not.

I am not at all sure that a catbird is not a nest robber. He behaves in a most suspicious fashion when near the nests of other birds. Robins and sparrows are often observed ganging up on a catbird, mobbing him. Then he gives every appearance of knowing full well he has done something wrong. He tries to hide, to sneak away from his

(Continued on page 15)

From The North Fork

I enjoy each issue. I have been a subscriber for many years and your tales of past days always ring the bell.

STANTON MOTT
Southold

Teen-Age Diary

(Continued from page 9)

Thursday, Se/30"

This is my first day at Butterick's. Reached three hundred and seventy rippers but hope to do better bye & bye. *Friday, Oct. 1"*

The boys are home from their "Sound cruise" and called today, staid to tea, and spent a pleasant evening. Jennie and Sandy called. Last night was our first at dancing school.

Tuesday, Oct. 19"

To-night the St. Mary's gives a reception in honor of its graduates. I was dreadfully disappointed at being obliged to stay at home.

Today the great statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedlowe's Island, was unveiled. I wanted to see the perade very much but was disappointed again.

Nov. 22" Monday

Uffner, Robins & Co.'s museum was opened tonight, The opening piece was "Confusion." We all went and laughed ourselves most to death. Hope it will prove a success.

Wednesday, Nov. 25"

We, Nell, Evy, Howard, & I are going down to Aunt Dute's this afternoon to spend Thanksgiving, expect to have a lovely time.

Sunday, Nov. 28"

Have just returned from Ridgewood, have had a glorious time. Oscar took us for a ride this morning, we went all over "cationation" and fetched up at Uncle Joe Petty's, he was very glad to see us, and asked Nell when it was coming off, as he wanted to get rid of his rheumatism

in time. Gid and Venie were married on the 23" of this month, hope they will prosper and happy* Bert sailed for Bombay & Calcutta on Friday, Nov. 26". I remember Gid to R—from me still he has gone.

Monday, June 13, 1887

My seventeenth birthday. I hope this year will bring us as much pleasure as the last did, though would willingly dispense with the pain. Nell gave me a lovely little pair of cuff buttons.

Friday, June 17"

We have been bemoaning our fate all day long because the fair to Boston is so high that we can't pay it, and we have been anticipating that week in Boston for the past two months, but just at the eleventh hour a telegram came saying for us to come on and they would send us back. We were so pleased that Uncle Wess thought we had gone plumb crazy.

Saturday, June 18"

Nell had to stay home today to help Mama as there was so much to do before starting, we sail this afternoon at 4:30 on the "Providence" for Fall River and from there will take the cars for Boston. They are very busy over at the store, so when I arrived found Miss Hudson with a very bad headache and considerable of a temper. Left the store at 12 o'clock loaded with bundles and a fair share of everyone's ill will, for leaving them in a time of need. Stopped on the way home and got Nell a bunch of roses for her birthday, tomorrow she will be twenty-three years old. We

left the house at about 3 o'clock, left dear old Mama and Aunt Amanda watching us from the front stoop. At about five o'clock the boat started and soon left New York far in the distance. The boat is beautiful and the music is lovely, and the bright lights and buzz of talking would remind one of the theatre, but the supper capped the climax. Uncle wanted us to take some from home but of course that was impossible, we all even declared that we shouldn't want any, but about 7 o'clock we began to feel hungry and the only thing to do was to go down stairs and get some supper. When it was served Evy very mildly asked the waiter if the fritters were cooked this week.

Sunday, June 19"

I woke up this morning at about three o'clock and found poor Nell bolstered up in the other end of our rather small birth, she said she hadn't slept a wink all night, and she did look pretty well done up. I dressed as quickly as I could and went out on the deck, there was a delightful breeze and the sun shone

(Continued on page 18)

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Catbirds

(Continued from page 13)

pursuers, to lose them, and to frighten them off with wonderfully realistic cat snarls and spits. He hates to have an accusing multitude in his wake.

A catbird's nest is in low trees, bushes and thickets and seldom any higher than a man can reach. It is made of dried leaves, roots, twigs and grass. The lining is of soft rootlets and tender blades of grass. It is completely inconspicuous and only a good bird-watcher will discover it. Usually one finds four eggs of a single color, a spotless deep bluish green, much darker than robin eggs.

If you know where a catbird nest is located, keep an eye on it during the winter months for it may become the cold-weather home of wood mice. They stuff an old catbird nest with dried leaves, grass and bark shavings to keep out the cold. It makes a good snug house.

Never have I been able to entice one to my backyard bird feasts. Perhaps he doesn't come because I spread out the viands on the ground and he doesn't enjoy ground feeding, or perhaps I don't offer the right kind a appetizing food. Maybe he just doesn't like to have other birds around while he eats—he always appears to prefer his own company.

The natural diet of a catbird is half and half insects and vegetables—ants, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, grasshoppers and spiders; berries and cultivated fruits such as huckleberries, cherries, raspberries, dogwood, sour gum, cranberries and elderberries, black alder, poison ivy and sumac. Those wintering over on Jones Beach consume limited amounts of bayberries. They seem to fall back on such berries only during extensive snow coverage. I think they take to bayberries as a last resort, perhaps on account of the oil content.

Catbirds have a liking for suet stations in residential areas. They seem to have an unusual fondness for raisins and dried currants, and they may be induced to eat dried fruits out of the hand. They are rather fearless birds but without the braggadocio of the blue jay. Up to a point they will trust human beings, but hardly to the extent of robins.

Certainly catbirds have a full supply of vanity. They pose continually and conspicuously. I'm not sure for whose benefit the posing is done and am inclined to believe it is for purely personal satisfaction and ego. Surely no other bird seems to notice the attitudes of the catbird, yet they indulge themselves constantly.

The catbird has a few common names and each is descriptive. He is known as chicken bird, slate-colored mockingbird, and blackcapped thrush. Each name emphasizes a characteristic with a definiteness that is positive.

They are like other birds in returning to the old locations year after year. It is the older birds, the parent birds, that come back to the old nest sites. The young ones

do the scattering, the spreading out. The younger ones always seem able to make room somewhere for themselves. They are the ones to press out and extend the catbird population into places where no catbird has been before. They are the colonists.

I have never seen catbirds fight and argue over territorial rights for nesting as do robins and redwing blackbirds. Catbirds are isolationists. They are not clannish but hold high regard for the privacy of each other.

More and more catbirds are shortening their winters away from Long Island. They seem to be able to find abundant and suitable food here the year 'round. They enjoy the protection of our pine thickets especially while snow is on the ground.

They are fascinating actors and often a mannerism marks an individual so that he is easily identified. It always seems worth while to cultivate the friendship of catbirds, for they afford the watcher many a good laugh.

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Writing
About
Writing

"MAIN STREET, Cold Spring Harbor" just issued by the Huntington Historical Society and authored by Harriet G. and Andrus T. Valentine and Estelle V. Newman has on its cover a fine line drawing by R. M. Hall of the "Jones Hewlett grist mill (1791.)" "This mill was conveniently situated so that it overhung the harbor, making it possible for sloops to load or unload flour and grain at high tide."

Those of you who have been to Cold Spring Harbor know that the tremendous rise and fall of tide still is there and that there are on Main street many attractive buildings. It's a lovely little section of Long Island.

The booklet of some 32 pages identifies each house, store, etc.; gives the name of the present owners and then goes a goodly bit into the history of each.

There's a carefully planned map, and index of names and some well chosen illustrations. There's a brief historical resume, "The Cold Spring Harbor Story 1653-1900" telling of early mills. The Cold Spring Harbor Whaling Co., etc.

Interesting to know that Main Street was once but a path skirting "Wigwam Swamp" then later it was known as "Bedlam Street" because of the "babble of foreign tongues" off whaling ships. So

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many historical societies are putting out tangible, printed records of their efforts. We hope many more societies do so.

ADMIRAL SAMUEL Eliot Morison, sailor and recent biographer of "John Paul Jones" warned a lady, Lillian T. Mowrer, that her biography of "John Scott, Citizen of Long Island" might well "deprive America of one of its best-loved rascals." Admiral Morison's was indeed sage counsel but it worked in reverse.

Having just finished Mrs. Mowrer's book we have come to the conclusion that John Scott still will remain a rascal and become even more beloved: He had a great deal of company in the 17th century—in Restoration England, in the West Indies, in France, Holland, and Connecticut—and of course on Long Island: in Southampton, Setauket, Brooklyn, and Hempstead.

Mrs. Mowrer, we believe, has made him more beloved by showing him to be above all human. Buffeted about by Cromwell Roundheads, banished to America as a boy because his father was loyal to a disgraced Charles I—John Scott struck back. His weapons were: a quick mind, a daring courage, a handsome person and a love for people.

He loved ladies and he loved the land. He lived with Indians and they trusted him. The garrulous Samuel Pepys, the stern Governor Winthrop of Connecti-

cut never quite bested him.

What of John Scott's land deals on Long Island? Was he the "swindler" earlier historians would have us believe? Must his reputation forever be blackened by Pepys' bribe-procured testimony?

For those of you who would spend several — perhaps many wonderful evenings or rainy weekends learning of Colonial Long Island and the contemporary scene abroad, we suggest you find out about John Scott in Mrs. Mowrer's book. You'll find a window opening on the doings of one Petrus Stuyvesant, peg-legged New Yorker, and how he was a bit embarrassed by Scott; how Scott became "President" of Long Island; why he built his home in the woods between Setauket and Southold; just where this home is supposed to be.

You'll learn much of the Island's early history, but you must

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be wary. You must sift and weigh as Mrs. Mowrer has done—you'll find that what she writes is backed up by endless research in American and British archives. But you must still weigh and consider the facts—perhaps the words of the men who furnished material for the archives were lies.

You'll learn that the memory of John Scott was revived but 65 years ago when his maps and writings were consulted as a boundary was disputed between British Guiana and Venezuela.

You'll learn that Long Island land titles were also much in dispute over 300 years ago, as they are today. Who owns Long Island—the Dutch who gave guilders? The Indians who were driven from it? Our present day developers? The government? If the government, which government, the towns, the county, the state? It does make one wonder,

who will own it 350 years from today?

Publishers of "The Indomitable John Scott" are Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.

A MORE modest but extremely valuable guide to "Landmarks and Historic Places of Interest in Suffolk County" compiled by Beatrice G. Rogers and mimeographed by the Suffolk County Historical Society is much in demand.

Mrs. Rogers, who is the author

of the "Historical Sketch of the Incorporated Village of Westhampton Beach, N. Y." has done much to further interest in local history. We hope that she is encouraged to do more. For a copy we suggest you write Mrs. Lilian Hallock, energetic president of the Society at West Main Street, Riverhead.

WE WISH an especially happy and successful New Year to new president of the Nassau County

(Continued on page 18)

## Classified Advertising

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FOR SALE: Revised and greatly enlarged "The 13 Tribes." Brief account of the Long Island Indians by Paul Bailey. \$1.00 post paid. Box 805, Amityville, L. I.

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**Shelter Island**

(Continued from page 5)

were with the British side, and his property was subject to raids from the Connecticut patriots." Other references tend to dispute this.

*James Havens:* signed the May 1775 "Association." Mather says that he was a Delegate to the Provincial Congress that year, served in Connecticut, was a Captain in the County Militia on his return.

*Captain Samuel Case* was also a "Signer." As the new document indicates, he was the census-taker on Shelter Island in '76 and his report is in Mather. A picture of a Case homestead is on the same book.

**Writing About Writing**

(Continued from page 17)

Historical Society, Arthur L. Hodges of Rockville Centre, former editor of the Nassau Daily Review Star.

May the Society continue to prosper under your presidency, Mr. Hodges, as it has for so many fruitful years. C.J.M.

**Teen Age**

(Continued from page 14)

beautifully and everything seemed to breathe God's day of rest. Evy didn't want to get up so early so we waited for the 7 o'clock train. Our ride on the cars was rather dull as both the girls slept most all the way. When we did get there we found Mr. Saunders waiting for us, he called a cab and we soon found ourselves at 26 Harwich St. and Mame waiting on the stoop. Dear old Mame, she was so glad to see us and had been almost frightened to death because we didn't come on the first train. Pretty soon Robbin came around from the lot, he is so tanned one would hardly known him, in a few minutes he went back and sent "York" around with a lovely lunch which we were very glad to see. After

lunch, Mame and I went over to her room to get her little trunk and coming home we got lost and were an hour and a half finding our house. Boston, what we have seen of it, is very pretty, but most of the streets are so narrow and run in all kinds of directions. We have a nice little floor of 3 rooms and bathroom, Mame & Jace have the big front room, Nell & Evy the back and I, the little side room. I am so tired and the bed looks very comfortable so think I will try it and see how it goes.

*Monday, June 20*

This morning was beautiful and bright and we decided to go down town. At breakfast Mame told us she had been piecing a quilt so we decided to follow her example and made the whole quilt in three days.

It is a long, long time since I last wrote in my diary but for a time I seemed to have nothing but sickness and trouble to write about. The summer of 1887 we spent in Moriches as usual but everything was so different, Uncle Charlie didn't come home, Gid was married and had the loveliest little daughter, such a perfect baby, our little Ruth. Now they have a model boy, Jason, and he is beautiful; and the other boys were all away.

The winter of 87-88 I spent learning milinary. In the spring I went to Utica to take

a position as head trimmer, and of course was not qualified to hold it and was obliged to give it up.

The next summer Uncle Charlie & Aunt Helen came home and brought a large party of friends, Mr. Chas. Cleveland, wife & children, Mr. & Mrs. Hadden & children and Lena Lewis. We spent a glorious summer.

Evy spent most of her summer out west but came home about the middle of Aug.

The next winter I worked at Mr. Oxley's. Evy was sick all the fall and early part of winter, in December she closed her tired eyes on this life of pain and trouble and went "home" to rest. We layed her among our other loved ones, but we miss her so sometimes, it seems as though we could not realize she had gone for good and would not come back to us soon.

Then the next spring Uncle and Aunty were thrown from the carriage and badly hurt and directly afterward Uncle had a second paralytic stroke which left him almost helpless, so they sent for Mama immediately.

Nell and I kept house until the 1<sup>st</sup> of Aug. then we too journeyed to Moriches, but found it very quiet and lonesome. Should have been "done for entirely" had it not been for Genie and Dr. They are married now and are the happiest couple I most ever saw.

The next winter, 89-90 Nell and I staid with Mame in

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their house, 182 Stuyvesant Ave. and Mama spent the winter with Aunt Fan.

After a great deal of figuring and planning we finally decided to build a little home next to Aunty's. It is finished now and we are more than pleased with it. Nell and Aunt Grace came down the 28<sup>th</sup> of June and we have been having a pleasant though very quiet time of it. Minnie was taken very sick this spring with inflammatory rheumatism and Mama went to Vermont and brought her home. She is much better now, is beginning to walk a little with a cane.

Rev. Dr. H. Hutchins boarded with us for a couple of weeks this summer, he preached for us the last Sunday he was here, it was an excellent sermon, about Judas, one that we shall not readily forget. We have been keeping a few boarders this summer, trying to make a little money, but we have done very little more than pay our expenses, but that is pretty good for a beginning. We haven't been able to go much and Nell's vacation is almost over too, it seems to bad but it can't be helped.

There are a great many things, both pleasant and sad, that I have not mentioned in my sketch of the last four years. Over three years ago the engagement between Nell and Paul was broken off, for a time it seemed almost unbearable but now we can see that it was better so.

Three years ago Howard went out to Montana and has never been home since. Last winter Aunt Amanda and Uncle Jerry Petty died, and the winter that Evy died, Hen Petty was lost at sea, the summer of 88 Louis Edwards died.

*Saturday, Aug 9/90*  
Went with the Blooms to

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see the race for the champion flag, the Virginia beat by 30 seconds.

*Sunday, Aug 10/90*

We all went to church in the morning, in the afternoon I wrote to Mame and then joined the others in a *reading match*. In the evening we all went to church again.

*Monday, Aug. 11*

This morning we intended to get up *early* and wash, we carried out the latter part of our intentions to the last notch but the early rising was kind of a failure. In the evening, I went up to the Lodge meeting, they installed the new Officers and we had lots of fun. Fan and Gil Thurston were marshals and it was as good as a play, I haven't laughed more all summer.

*Tuesday, Aug. 12*

We ironed today which kept us busy all the morning, in the afternoon I went up to Bloom's.

*Wednesday, Aug. 13*

Have been resting all the morning, in the afternoon Mama and Nell turned their attention to dress making, or making over, so I went up to the village, stopped at Aunt Tip's a few minutes, after tea played croquet.

*Thursday, Aug. 14*

Mama and Aunt Grace went driving in the morning, while they were gone Mrs. Vandebilt called to see if we would take her sister-in-law and children to board. After dinner we rowed across the creek to tell Mrs. V. that the folks could come, and then we went on up to Aunt Mary's where we spent the afternoon and staid to tea. We found Aunt Tip and Minnie there but they didn't stay long, as Joe Ruland came over to take them home with her.

Received a letter from Bert today, he sailed for California about the middle of last February Mrs. John Thurston called while we were away this afternoon and I was so sorry to have been out.

*Friday, Aug. 15*

Uncle Lanse took us to the beach this morning. While we were waiting for him to get ready to start I wrote to

Bert. We saw Dr. and Genie on the beach, also Fannie Murray and the Hallock boys, had a delightful sail and enjoyed it all immensely. After tea Nell and I went up to the village to mail some letters and get some things for Mama. It was so lovely on the water when we came back that we rowed up and down listening to the music at Baldwin's until bed time.

*Saturday, Aug. 16*

Very busy all the morning sweeping and dusting and cooking. After dinner went up to Aunty's to play croquet, Aunty and Sandy were partners and Nell and I, we had lots of fun, our side beat one game, and we had to work for it too. Our boarders came on the evening train, they seem like splendid people.

*Sunday, Aug. 17*

Went to church in the morning with Aunty, and Uncle. In the afternoon, John Carter and Minnie dove\* down. Nell and Aunt Grace went to church in the evening, and I wrote a long letter to Mame.

*Monday, Aug. 18*

This morning we got up bright and early to wash, just got our clothes all rubbed when it commenced to rain so we had to leave them until after dinner and then hung them out. After I got dressed, took Aunt Grace for a row up the creek, landed at Pike's, and walked through the woods, it was lovely there so cool and sweet. We sat on the stoop a while and talked, then came home, found Deed and John here.

Didn't go to the Lodge tonight but swung in the hammock building up "air castles" until I suddenly realized that I was most frozen. Wrote to Aunt Helen.

(To be concluded in February issue.)

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## "If Only"

(Continued from page 8)

as did the 2 English girls who always appeared two weeks ahead of the family to open the house for the season. They told me that Mrs. Herrick had not been very well but had been looking forward to coming out to the old homestead for the summer to recuperate. Once I learned she had regained her health I phoned her and she invited me to come to her home at one o'clock the next day.

Perhaps it should be mentioned here that Mrs. Herrick was the wife of Mr. Elias Hicks Herrick of New York. Her maiden name was Adelaide Moore; she was the daughter of William H. H. Moore, whose father was Jeremiah Moore, born March 6, 1779, died January 21, 1837. Jeremiah was the youngest child of Thomas Moore, born 1733 and died in 1803. Thomas was the eldest son of Thomas Moore, born 1706, died 1767. This Thomas was the eldest son of Thomas who was born in 1663 and died in 1738; and he was the eldest son of Thomas Moore, baptized in 1639 and died in 1711. This Thomas was the eldest son of Thomas Moore who was born in England and settled here in 1636 and died in 1691.

The Moore homestead and surrounding 300 acres had been in possession of the Moore family for about 300 years. The old house was badly damaged in the hurricane of 1938. The entire lands were sold in large parcels, the last parcel of which included the homestead and was sold in 1942. The old home was torn down by the North Fork Wrecking Company in 1943 and sold for firewood through the advertising columns of the Suffolk Times.

What a tragic end to such an historic colonial home, partially burned by a British raiding party during the war of 1812; restored soon afterward! There the stage coach from Brooklyn bound for

Oysterponds (now Orient) used to stop twice a week with mail for the local residents.

The old home was also a post office, called Farms, from 1824 through 1836, with Jeremiah Moore as Postmaster. The people in calling for their mail would peer through the small window panes to read the names on the folded letters of that day, which had been placed against the window glass by the Postmaster.

The vicinity had always been known as Sterling, but when application was made for that title for the post office, the request was turned down as there was at that time another post office named Sterling in Cayuga County. The name Farms was used until 1838 when the post office was moved down to lower Main Street, which area was becoming the center of activity.

The post office at that time was located in the basement of the old Clark House and was named Greenport. In the early 1800's the southerly part of our village, in the present location of the shipyard formerly called Brigham's Shipyard, there used to be a green grass - covered knoll where cattle grazed. The ship captains entering the local harbor would say that they would anchor off Green Hill, and the location for years was referred to as Green Hill.

Meanwhile — back to the present: I arrived at the Moore homestead at one o'clock the next day. Mrs. Herrick greeted me and said she had not forgotten my note of the past winter and presented me with a paper

listing many items about her family which she thought might be of interest. I asked if the Day Book in question might still be stored among other papers not yet discovered. She told me that she had not been well enough to go up to the attic to look for anything but did remember that there were two small old trunks "under the south side eaves and west of the west chimney." "Why don't you go up and see for yourself?" she smiled. I did!

There were several dusty old leather bound books strewn about the attic floor. I resisted the urge to browse through them. Where are the

trunks? Ah! there they are, right where I had been told they would be!

They were two small old stage coach trunks, typical of those used in the early 1800's. I dragged them across the attic floor to a spot where there was more light, and managed to open them easily.

At my first glimpse inside the trunks I knew that I had come upon records that would prove to be priceless for their antiquity—and that first impression was not ill founded.

There were old ledgers large and small and about 15 small brown leather-covered notebooks and numerous paper records as well as a few

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letters, all covering a period from 1780 through about 1890. In the second trunk with other ledger books I found a small brown leather notebook, on the first page of which was written "To the Care of Mrs. Elizabeth Webb, Sterling, 25th June, 1818."

There, listed on the first five pages, were accounts of five voyages by Capt. David Webb on his ship, "The Sterling Packet," to Bristol, England, during the years 1802 through 1807. The listings gave the names of each crew member, their titles held while on shipboard, their period of service and wages paid. The following pages contained a complete inventory of the personal estate of Capt. David Webb as prepared by the executors and several pages of their accounting which had to do with settlement of the estate.

When I had recovered from my happy surprise, I rushed downstairs to inform Mrs. Herrick of my find. She was delighted that my efforts had not been fruitless and said that I could have them all for my collection. Needless to say I was, as it were, in a dream. I arrived home somehow, but the actual trip I remembered not. To this very day I marvel at my good fortune which I should not have experienced, but for the hearty cooperation of so many kind friends.

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(Continued from page 12)  
Leander Jeffry. These men was members of N.Y. Yacht Club, and they all took part as Captain of the cup defenders. My dad a sea

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Captain also sailed in many boat races in the great south bay. At one time I remember hearing one of the Capt's. say that what defeated him; that it was not the boat; but the crafty Captain that stole all the wind out of his sails.

My Dad was Known as Captain Oliver Winfield Smith, a man to beat in any race that he took part in.

On another occasion my two brothers and I had to put albany grease on the bottom of one of the boats that were to be sailed the next day in a race at Woodmere Bay, L. I. You see this boat could sail verry fast in a light breeze. (Oh yes my Dad won the race.)

I thought this might be interesting reading for some of the old timers.

Lorenzo (Ren) D. Smith

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